

Funky Fresh

RYAN GIRARD

Warm lights flash
Scuffs of roller skates litter the dance floor
My pic is lost within the black abyss
Of my hair, which is my sustenance
The reason I wake up in the morning
My date grabs me by the arm
Her hair, almost as big as mine
We converse as we glide
Our energy flowing and coursing
Like a lava lamp on the stove
Her neck arches as she leans back
I spin her around with one fluid motion
She looks up at me
Only to be greeted by the underside of my chin
My eye has been snatched by another
Blood boils, jealousy spikes
I cannot be blamed, for I am
Funky Fresh